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THE six months that have gone by since we last approached our valued readers with a preface, have been remarkable for a great deal of some things and little or nothing of others. On the one hand too much blood-loss; too much "strategic movement;" too much "change of base;" too much change of military chiefs. On the other hand little or no value for all our blood and money; hardly *habeas corpus* enough to stop a key-hole with; no specie, and a total collapse of material for making reputable white paper, such as we have hitherto served up VANITY FAIR on to our readers, week after week.

Often in the gay Spring-time of youth, was our boyish effervescence blown away by some stern pedagogue, who would tell us that persistence in the line of conduct then followed by us would eventually reduce us to a raiment of rags.

Rags!—ha! ha! Steadily, O Pedagogue! have we pursued our wayward line of conduct, and here, now, at this time o' day, we could not raise for their weight in gold as many rags as would pulp into curl-papers for that bewitching watch-pocket Venus, Miss LAVINIA WARREN. Ha! ha!—rags! Pedagogue, how's your poor—but we forbear.

Cut off, thus, from his usual ration of rags, the paper-maker became ravenous, and rushed down upon us like a wolf on the Fold, with a fabulous price streaming from his horrid chops. For a while we fought him: but the odds were fearful, and so came the compromise by which VANITY FAIR, until Rag resumes his reign and the paper-maker relents, must restrict himself to an interview with his readers on the first of each month. *Vive le chiffon!* then, flourish the rag!—and may there be a good time in store (nay, in no end of very large and commodious stores) for it.

The great event of the century—the Emancipation of the Negro by order of President LINCOLN—should, one might think, have thrown a glut of the invaluable tatters into our market. Strange to say, however, the obtuse Child of Sorrow does not seem to strike his banjo with responsive strains to the penny-whistle thus piped unto him. We have yet to see the fascinating Ethiop walk up, clad in Pomp, to the feet of the suffering North, and lay there as an offering, done up in a bandanna handkerchief, the rags in which he erstwhile rollicked at the simmering South.

A great victory by ROSECRANS is the best news going as we pen these lines. Fight on, good ROSECRANS! If there is yet another incentive wanting for the driving of this war to the eventual revival of the Union in all its glory, let it be gathered from the fact that the whole rebel army, unless war-correspondents are utterly mendacious, is one flutter of rags. Sail in, great General!—never mind the shells and torpedoes and things, but grab the rags whenever you can lay hold of them. The Rag, the Rag's the thing!

Or, if there exists a disposition on the part of Government to give General HOOKER a chance of greatly distinguishing himself, breathes there a man with a better name for going in hook and crook, and hooking recklessly the rich residue of rags remaining to the rebel renegades?

Changes, and yet no Change, have been rife during the term of our last volume. The dirty little postage-stamp current lived and died then. The dime yet sleepeth. The radical conspirator shaketh. Right awaketh.

Reader, a pleasant new year, and to our next weekly meeting!

Rags! Rags!

We may be happy yet.

A RUSSIAN BEAR.

OPINIONS OF THE UNDERSIGNED.

I REMEMBER that some two years ago I went to a box in the Winter Garden theatre one night, to pay my respects to the Queen of Bohemia. She received me graciously, and introduced me to a very curious little old man who sat modestly in the shadow of the box-curtains.

This person was short, fat, and sixty. His large, square head was surmounted by a badly-cropped *chevelure* of gray. His large, square jowl was disfigured by a badly-cropped beard, also gray. His eyes were protected and concealed by a pair of square London-smoke glasses with side-shades, which gave his physiognomy something the appearance of a railway switch-signal. He blew his large, square nose not infrequently, using a colored silk handkerchief, and spoke in a sort of subdued growl.

This was ADAM, Count de GUROWSKI.

I have before me a small volume of about three hundred pages, written by this representative of Russian nobility. It is curious, and not altogether uninteresting, although the offspring of a fanatic whose brain has been turned in the study of various systems of labor.

GUROWSKI, it seems, has been in the enjoyment of some minor clerkship, or other unimportant Governmental position, since March, 1861, and has had an opportunity to watch the outside of Washington diplomacy since that date. By some strange infatuation, however, he imagined himself to be, if not the centre of the Governmental Universe, at least a potent power behind the throne. Oddly enough, neither Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. SEWARD, Mr. CHASE, Mr. BLAIR, Mr. CAMERON, nor, indeed, anybody else, would take his advice or heed his warnings; so he settled himself down to write a Diary, in which he has unbosomed himself to a ludicrous degree, and earned an appointment as common scold to the Administration. Fortunately, the Press renders such an officer superfluous.

Among other evidences of the modesty of the Count, I find many such paragraphs, in the early part of his diary, as the following:

"Wrote a respectful warning to the President concerning the unavoidable result of his Proclamation in regard to the blockade, etc. . . .

"Again wrote respectfully to Mr. LINCOLN, warning him against a too hasty accession to the Paris Convention, etc. . . .

"Wrote to CHARLES SUMNER expressing my wonder at the undecided conduct of the Administration, etc. . . .

"In a conversation with SEWARD I called his attention to the fact that the Government is surrounded by the finest, most complicated, intense, and well-spread web of treason that ever was spun, etc. . . .

"What an idea have those Americans of sending a secret agent to Canada, and what for? . . . I would not have committed such an absurdity, even in my palmy days, when I conspired with LOUIS NAPOLEON, sat in the councils with GODEFROI CAVAIGNAC, or wrote instructions for MAZZINI! etc. . . .

"Wrote to CHARLES SUMNER in Boston to stir up some inventive Yankee to construct a wheelbarrow in which SCOTT could take the field in person, etc. . . .

"Suggested to MR. SEWARD to at once elevate the American question to a higher region, etc. . . .

"All that passes here is maddening, and I am very grateful to my father and mother for having endowed me with a frame which resists the blows. . . .

"I wrote to the President, suggesting to make SIGEL his chief of staff—and then to let our Generals fight under his, the President's, eyes. . . .

"What may turn up, nobody can foresee. . . . Come what will, I shall not break down; I shall not give up the holy principle. If crime, rebellion, *savagerie*, triumph, it will be, not because the people failed, but because mediocrities were at the helm. Concessions, compromises, any patched-up peace, will for a century degrade the name of America. *Of course, I cannot prevent it;* but events have often broken but not bent me. I may be burned, but I cannot be melted; so, if secesh succeeds, I throw in a cess-pool my document of naturalization, and shall return to Europe, even if working my passage!"

This is the kind of man that I have under consideration. How sorry I am that GUROWSKI, even, "cannot prevent" our national calamities, though he writes letters on letters of advice to everybody. Unhappily, this great Russian seems to be nearly human, and therefore has a tendency, at least, toward fallibility. For instance, he says on page 76:

"MCCLELLAN, surrounded as a General ought to be, went to see the Army. It looks martial. The city, likewise, has a more martial look than it had all the time under SCOTT. GOD grant that MCCLELLAN may preserve his Western vigor and activity, etc. . . . MCCLELLAN is organizing, working hard. It is a pleasure to see him, so devoted, so young."

And on page 190:

"MCCLELLAN subsided in mud before Yorktown. Any other, only even half way, military capacity, commanding such forces, would have made a lunch of Yorktown."

And further:

"O heavens! this man is more ignorant of warfare than his worst enemies have suspected him."

But MCCLELLAN—although the last half of the book is devoted to scurrilous abuse of him—is not the only man in whom this love of a Count was disappointed.

"Mr. BLAIR is the only one who swears, demands, asks for action. . . . Brave fellow! I am glad to have at WILLARD'S many times piloted deputations to the doors of LINCOLN on behalf of BLAIR'S admission to the Cabinet. . . . What I hear of the BLAIRS confirms my high opinion of both. BLAIR alone in the Cabinet represents the spirit of the people."

And about Bull Run:

"The brothers BLAIR, almost alone, receded not, and put the defeat where it belonged—at the feet of General SCOTT."

Then:

"Mr. BLAIR, in his spite against FREMONT, took a mean adventurer by the hand, and entangled therein the President. . . . Mr. BLAIR is, after all, only an ambitious politician. . . . Mr. BLAIR, worse and worse. . . . I should not wonder if GOD, tired by such MCCLELLANS, LINCOLNS, SEWARDS, BLAIRS, etc., finally gives us the cold shoulder!"

I beg my reader's pardon for quoting so disgusting a profanity as this last. The noble Count has a Russian simplicity and breadth of ruffianism in his nature that occasionally crops out in his book, and must be seen, if the character of the diary is to be understood.

From certain statements I imagined for a moment that GUROWSKI was employed by the Rebel Government to blacken and defame the National cause and rulers. He says:

". . . Every Rebel devotes his whole soul and energy to the success of the Rebellion, forcibly forgetting his individuality. . . . JACKSON, a genuine General. . . It is impossible to resist the admiration inspired by the skill, the daring, the fertility of intellectual resources displayed by the Rebels; all this is so thoroughly contrasted by what is done by our own legal chiefs. . . . The Rebels showed great generalship. JACKSON is already the legendary hero, and deserves it. . . . The Rebels are led, not by anaconda strategians, but by fighting Generals, desperate, and thus externally heroic; energy inspires their councils, their administration, and their military leaders. . . . The Rebel chiefs take the offensive; they unfold a brilliancy in conception and rapidity in execution, of which the best Generals in any army might be proud. . . . The Rebels wish to assure the success of their cause; here, many have only in view their personal success."

All this smacks strongly of the cloven hoof of secession-sympathy, especially when coupled with continuous abuse and vituperation of nearly every General in the Union Army, and every man in the Union Government, excepting—Heaven save the mark! whom do you suppose?—WELLES and STANTON! But such outrageous and childish assertions as that on page 113, "The nest of pirates, which will then embrace about twelve millions—*every* Southern gentleman being a pirate at heart;" and that on page 143, "The *slavery gentleman* is a scarcely varnished savage, for whom the highest law is his reckless passion and will;" and that on page 228: "A thus-called *highly-accomplished and fashionable lady* from New-Orleans, or from Washington, may easily be taken for a country dress-maker, or for a chambermaid, not fit for first families of the genuine good and high society in Paris, and all over Europe." These show that the good little old fat Russian has no great love for the South. We beg him to remember, however, that WASHINGTON was a Southern gentleman, and his mother a Southern lady. That in calling all slave-owners "savages," he insults a host of excellent loyalists in the Border States. That he, Count de GUROWSKI, owned serfs but a few years ago, (he and his father must have been "varnished savages," then,) and that, furthermore, he lies.

As for libelling ladies, that is an old offence with the Count. I remember that FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN—GOD rest his soul!—once told me a funny story about that. He was placed opposite GUROWSKI at a dinner-table, on some grand occasion, and when the conversation succeeded the edibles, the topic of "Lovely Woman" arose.

"Der iss no laadies in Amerrica," said Count GUROWSKI in a mild growl. "De wimense iss not laadies. Dey iss not clean."

"Pardon me, Count," said FITZ, always chivalrous; "I think that the ladies of the best society here compare well with those of any circles in Europe."

"Soziety?" mumbled the Russian bear, "vat you know off soziety in Europe? Vere haf *you* effer seen soziety?"

O'BRIEN might well have quarreled upon this bit of brutality, but his sense of fun was too strong. He smiled pityingly upon GUROWSKI, and replied in his blandest tones:

"Surely, Count, you are not ignorant that I was Maid-of-Honor to Queen VICTORIA for two years!"

Everybody but GUROWSKI laughed.

I have little more to say about this singular and unpleasant book. You said, VANITY, in the few lines of notice you gave it, that the prophecies were so correct as to suggest that they were written *after* the occurrences. That is precisely what struck me. In revising and preparing a diary for the press, it is suspiciously easy to insert such sentences as these:

Speaking of the accession of the Union to the treaty of Paris: "They will not catch a fly by it." Speaking of MCCLELLAN'S advance last spring: "If he lingers, he may find only rats in Manassas." Of the advance from Yorktown: "But MCCLELLAN will stick in the marshes, and may never reach Richmond by that road." Of the return from the Peninsula: "MCCLELLAN'S army may not prevent their turning against POPE, who has too small a body to resist or to cover the whole line. . . . . If the Rebels attack POPE, he must retreat and concentrate before Washington."

XUM

All these, and a few more, are isolated sentences, and have exactly the air of interpolations. Undoubtedly they were made after the MS. was complete, to give the look of acumen, military and diplomatic, to an observer who elsewhere says:

"Suggested to Mr. SEWARD that the best diplomacy was to take possession of Virginia. Doing this, we will find all cabinets smooth and friendly. . . . Any one with brains and energy could suppress the Rebellion eight weeks from to-day, (August, 1861.) . . . If Gen. WADSWORTH (!) had been in command of the Army, not one of the rats from Manassas would have escaped. . . . MCCLELLAN is used by the Rebels only to be fooled by them. . . . As for masked batteries, I considered worse than fools all those who believed in masked batteries at Manassas."

Finally, here are a few isolated expressions, culled at random. Some are not so idiotic as others:

"No living man has rendered greater services to the people during the last twenty years than GREELEY, but he ought to remain in his specialty. GREELEY is no more fit for a Senator than to take the command of a regiment. Beside, the events already run over his head; GREELEY is slowly breaking down.

"As it presents itself to the unprejudiced investigator, race is nothing more than the single manifestation of anterior stages of existence; the aggregate expression of the pre-historic vicissitudes of a people.

"Curse upon my old age! above all, curse upon my obesity! Curse upon my poverty! What a cess-pool! What a mire! Only legal slaughterers all around! Oh! could I go to a camp! but, of course, not to one under MCCLELLAN!

"*Przywitala sie dupa z wiechciem!*"

That the last is an indisputable assertion, I presume few of my readers will deny. That GUROWSKI is a very extraordinary old codger, and has produced a very extraordinary old book, is equally fixed among the opinions of

The Undersigned.

GREAT AND SMALL.

EENLY the north wind bloweth, goeth,
Through the slats where poverty lies;
Sharp the scythe with which Time stroweth
Alow the reeds that the rich despise.

In at the ricketty basement casement
Of the mouldering tenement hall,
(Not for rendezvous of grace meant)
Drifteth the rain and the snow and all:

While, within abiding, gliding
Like pale thing of pantomime,
Poverty doth hear the chiding
Of the world that calleth it Crime.

Heareth afar the soothing, smoothing
Words that follow the virtuous man:
Wealth is virtue: gold—the true thing—
Lacketh never partisan.

Sumptuously dineth, wineth,
SMITHERKINS the millionaire:
Who dare flout if he designeth
Further shaves with shoddy ware?

Let us worship humbly, dumbly,
SMITHERKINS the wealthy snob:
Pauper, avaunt!—small crime is homely;
Honor is theirs who *largely* rob.

Up.

A CUBIT higher than before is Mr. CUBIT, late Lord Mayor of London, who has been made a peer of the realm.

Strong Recruits.

ADAM THUNDER has been drafted, in Pennsylvania, and THEODORE LIGHTNING, in Kenosha. Thunder and Lightning ought to finish the rebels, if grape and canister don't anticipate them.

A PRECARIOUS STATE.

MR. CONWAY, of Kansas, although a radical, has a good deal of sense, and sometimes goes so far as to exhibit it in the House of Representatives. He is then called a "traitor," by his brother radicals.

It seems hopelessly fixed, as a legislative truth, that the Creature is greater than the Creator . . . that a Government created by States, can, through a Congress created by States, make or unmake the powers whence both have sprung. But this paradox was not jobbed through the House without a manly word of resistance from Mr. CONWAY. When the Natick cobblers and Pennsylvanian shoddies undertake to split up New-York State, at some not far distant day, giving half to New-Jersey and half to Connecticut, we only hope that Mr. CONWAY, and a hundred others like him, may be still present in the House, to speak and vote against the vile absurdity of destroying the Constitution in order that the Constitution may be preserved.

Here are a few of Mr. CONWAY'S words on the subject of the violation of Virginia:

"The Constitution of the United States says that no new State shall be erected out of another unless with the consent of the Legislature of the first. While he was willing to palliate at any time a construction of the Constitution to beneficial ends, he could not, however, violate a constitutional and fundamental principle. He did not regard the propositions as now presented as having received the assent required by the Constitution. It was not a lawful State. He believed it was the intention of the President to encourage State organizations in all the Seceded States. But placing the assumption of the State power in the hands of a few individuals appointed by the President was of a flagrant and unconstitutional character. The scheme was revolutionary and ought to be exposed to the reprobation of every loyal citizen. It would be an utter perversion of our system. It would in effect concentrate all the power of the government in the hands of the executive."

All this is good sound logic. Sound enough to bring down the wrath of the insane upon the utterer's head. Sound enough to arouse the ire of a feeble intellect, one BROWN, of Virginia, who is so wanting in wholesome pride and patriotism as to bargain the very existence of his State for the paltry consideration of his seat in the House . . . his pay and mileage. Our readers can fancy what sort of stuff this fellow would talk. Of course, his only argument is the old "mad-dog" cry that the radicals raised against those who voted for SEYMOUR at our late election:

"He was surprised that the gentleman from Kansas recognized the right of States to secede. It was not in the power of a State to secede, and he (Mr. BROWN) denied that any State was out of the Union. The President was right in the position he had taken and in his efforts to restore the Union and bring them back to their allegiance."

Here, then, is a nice statement. "Virginia is not out of the Union," says the spouting wretch. "Yet we have a right to cut her in two and unmake her." How about New-York, Mr. BROWN? Let us understand what new powers you would have vested in Government. When your pitiful pay and empty honors depend upon the annihilation of Massachusetts, as some day they may, will you expect her sons to consent? That will be a shabby Union, BROWN, that you erect upon the ruins of the Constitution. No; you have made a mistake. The only ghost of an excuse that you and your fellow Staticides can find, is in acknowledging Secession, and assuming that the Rebellion cannot be put down. You may then say that the South is a separate country, against which we are waging a war of conquest, and that we have the victor's right to annex what territory we may capture. Exceedingly untrue, but coherent at least. While you call Virginia a State in insurrection, however, you have no right to touch one hair of her individuality, or to peril one moment of her existence as a State.

You who trample upon the Constitution to-day, are only storing away trouble and bloodshed for your children. If President LINCOLN will put his veto upon this lawless and nefarious juggle at once, he will deserve the gratitude of every child born hereafter, not in Virginia alone, but from the farthest fiord of Maine to the last forest wilderness of California. Let us scorn this attempt to confuse the doctrine of Annihilation with that of a Future State!

Reflection in a City Restaurant.

WE have two kinds of soldiers in the Union Army—soldiers who are fit for doing duty in the trenches, and soldiers who are only fit for doing duty on the trenchers.

"I Love Thee Still."

IT is all very well to get up the cry of "On to Richmond Still," but there are hundreds of military characters in our midst who would not press on to "Richmond Still," unless they thought there was whiskey in it.

A NEW DANGER.

Tatterdemalion.—"'Tain't safe for a poor man to be around now that paper stuff's riz. Why 'twas only last night I woke up and found myself in a rag-cart—and here comes another!"

"Sartor Resartus."

The well-known Elias Howe, inventor of the lock-stitch for sewing-machines, and now serving as a private in the Seventeenth Connecticut Regiment, has munificently advanced $31,000 to the Government, for the pay of that corps. This liberal act disturbs the tradition of an old and popular proverb; for, while a lock-stitch in time saves $31,000, a stitch in time saves only nine.

"Should this meet the Eye of," etc.

Mr. Rarey is generally supposed to depend a good deal upon the power of his eye for the subjugation of vicious horses. We should like to see what effect the *Lear* of Mr. Forrest would have upon an unsophisticated mustang of the *pampas*.

Don't You See?

A foreign itemizer says that "there are in the Italian kingdom thirty-four vacant sees." This would seem to offer a fine opening for our Secretary of the Treasury. A Salmon Chase in one of the now vacant sees would be a novelty to Italy and a blessing to America.

The Bark and the Bite.

The evening papers lately contained the following scrap of information:

"We know now all about the Banks Expedition. Its destination is the Gulf. (See report of bark *Anna* elsewhere.)"

Thus may we hear by and by, from a stray Bark, that the Bight of Mexico is at hand for the French.

The only Tin of which there was no lack this last Christmas.—The Tin Horn.

LADIES ON ICE.

Would you see fair feet well handled?
To our up-town ice-ponds go,
Where they execute, steel-sandalled,
Feats on the fantastic toe.

How each lithe hoop-girded goddess,
Bending to her work, gyrates!
Seeming (downward from the bodice)
Like a parachute on skates!

Loves of hats, piquant and cunning,
Dainty ankles garter-spanned,
Eyes distracting, ringlets stunning,
Hover round on every hand.

'Tis a moving panorama
That might strike a stoic dumb,
Or with its soul-softening glamour
Lure down saints from Kingdom Come.

Ho! ye mixture-clad policemen,
Who incipient rows arrest,
Won't you try to keep the peace, men,
In our agitated breast?

Even the stoniest heart is human:
Father Plato in a trice
Would have warmed to lovely woman
Skimming a plateau of ice.

Girls that into one's affections
Cannot walk, on skates may sail,
Overcoming all objections,
On what's called "the sliding scale."

WHO DID IT?

"After the severe cannonading of yesterday it seems to have been generally understood that the city would have been given up to pillage by our troops..... But to-day these fine mansions are not standing....elegant china and cutlery, choice libraries of books, rare works of art, are all heaped together in the streets, and are scrambled for as trophies.....The headquarters of Gen. Howard, before he occupied them, every room had been torn with shot, and then all the elegant furniture and works of art broken and smashed by the soldiers....When I entered, early this morning, before its occupation by Gen. Howard, I found the soldiers of his fine division diverting themselves with the rich dresses found in the wardrobes; some had on bonnets of the fashion of last year, and were surveying themselves before mirrors, which, an hour or two afterward, were pitched out of the window and smashed to pieces on the pavement; others had elegant scarfs bound around their heads in the form of turbans, and shawls around their waists..... What I saw in this mansion was repeated in nearly every one which the flames had not destroyed.....Said a soldier to me to-day, raking among a magnificent private library, half covered with mud in the streets: "How intensely religious these d... d Rebels are!"—*Tribune Correspondence.*

To which of our Generals are we indebted for this pleasant bit of practical humor? It is not difficult, in the face of these facts, to understand why the batteries beyond Fredericksburgh were not taken on the following day. An army demoralized by pillage never did any worthy deeds yet. By all means, let us know who it was that permitted it to be "generally understood" that the city would be given up to barbarous pillage. If we are to pay enormous bounties and terrific taxes, in order that our soldiers may try on bonnets and smash mirrors, leaving the works of the enemy uncaptured, let us have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing the name of the General who superintends this melancholy masquerade. The public will stand a good deal, but we confess we hardly see how they can much longer stand the present conduct of the war.

The light-fingered General whose troops were allowed these playful privileges may consider it a feather in his cap. Yet we would remind him that it was a Feather that finally broke the camel's back.

A Weak One.

"Heart is power," says the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. In which case, how destitute of heart the Reverend Spurgeon must be!

BOBSETT-HOOPER

NURSE GREELEY HARDLY KNOWS WHAT TO THINK ABOUT BABY, NOW: IT ISN'T SUCH A BEAUTY, AFTER ALL.

SIX MONTHS IN ARREARS.

GOD HELP THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME!

XUM

YOUNG NEW-YORK.

Anxious Mother.—"NOW, CHARLES, HADN'T YOU BETTER WAIT FOR YOUR UNCLE TO TAKE YOU?—YOU MAY LOSE YOUR WAY IN THE PARK."

Y. N. Y.—"OH! NO, NO!—I DON'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED LOOKING AFTER THE OLD MAN; AND, BESIDES, I'M WELL KNOWN TO THE PARK POLICE!"

Mind your Eye!

AN enthusiastic clergyman, writing in a eulogistic strain about the charming virtue of somebody's "hair restorers," says:

"That they promote the growth of the hair where baldness is, I have the evidence of my own eyes."

In other words, the wool was pulled over the reverend gentleman's eyes by the proprietor of the patent humbug.

Surgeon-Carpenters.

IT has been widely stated that many of the young surgeons attached to the Army of the Potomac have had no practice in amputation beyond that of removing wooden legs.

We perceive, in corroboration of the above report, that some thirty or forty of these admirable young men have Cut their Sticks, lately.

Fire-Drinkers.

A CORRESPONDENT from one of the latest battle-fields makes the following statement:

"The canteens of the rebel prisoners were found filled with whiskey and gunpowder."

And why shouldn't they? It seems to be appropriate and right that the Southern Fire-eater's nectar should be in character with his ambrosia.

Little Beasts with Horns.

SAYS JONES to SMITH, on Christmas morning, as they sat in their skating jackets, gloomily expecting rain: "Who will tell me that the intellect of Young America is not ahead of all the world? In London, in Paris, the little boys one meets in the street on a Christmas morning, for instance, are generally scholars: here they are invariably Tooters."

ROUNDHEADS AND CAVALIERS.

"THE brutal, cruel, greedy, licentious, hypocritical and sacrilegious Roundheads are alive again in their descendants."—*Richmond Despatch.*

THE Richmond *Despatch*
Calls the Northerns a batch
Of Roundheads, and adds to its jeers
That all sons of F. F.s,
In that kingdom of JEFF'S,
Are fine, full-blooded, brave Cavaliers.

Very well, be it so,
And let history show
Of the two which has most chance to win.
Cavaliers lost the fight
Against Roundheads and Right,
In the days of the crowned "Man of Sin."

Prince RUPERT was thrashed,
And his "Chivalry" slashed,
By a plebeian "psalm-singing" foe,
And a King lost his head
For presuming to tread
On the "Mudsills" of "long time ago."

Before anvil and loom
Down went pennon and plume
In full many an Ironside rout,
And First Families found
'Twas a theory unsound,
That mere "blood," bone and sinew could quell.

But those Roundheads of old
Had a chief shrewd and bold,
One of Nature's true nobles and seers.
If for us one as wise—
A new CROMWELL—should rise,
Woe betide ye, F.-F. Cavaliers!

LINES TO A LOBSTER.

BY OUR EPICUREAN JOKER.

MISSHAPEN monster! clumsiest to the sight
Of the marines in NEPTUNE'S awkward squad,
Hard is thy back, (and harder still thy bite,)
Yet taste in thee finds infinite delight,
Ill-favored iron-clad.

Ill-favored! No: the sub-tints of thy claws
Are rich and beautiful as CLAUDE LORRAINE'S,
And seldom highest Art from Nature draws
Morceaux as delicate and free from flaws
As those thy frame contains.

Yes, thou hast "that within which passeth show,"
And as the Passions thronged to Music's Shell,
Gourmands to thine, with mouths a-watering go—
Not to hear Music's spell-played trumpet blow,
But to "blow out" a spell.

No common bard should celebrate thy charms.
I marvel SHELLEY, by the Adrian Sea,
Singing, alone, his transcendental psalms
In fierce Euroclydons and solemn calms,
Raised not a stave to thee.

Oysters in measures have been sung, clams too
You'll find by SAXE immortalized in verse;
But thee, O Lobster! tid-bit of the Blue,
No bard hath sung, though it occurs to you
CHARLES should have sung, of course.

No matter, rhyme could never do thee right;
Thy match not Shirley Jersey would foil:
Yet can we paint thee to our hearts' delight—
Hot-water-colored first, a pinkish white,
Then finished off in Oil!

THE GREAT BIMBLEBY PROJECTILE.

ONE day, while I was advancing the extraordinary claims of my Great Projectile to the present Secretary of War, I assured him that, in case he adopted it for use in the Union artillery, I could do him many services in return.

"Among other things," I said, "I have great influence with the Press."

"My dear BIMBLEBY," remarked the Secretary, rubbing his eyebrow with his little finger, "you had better use that influence in the introduction of the Projectile. Let the press speak unanimously in its praise, and I may feel more warranted in recommending it."

This seemed so sensible, that I have adopted the idea. I have sent an article of this character to every paper published in the loyal States. Whether they will all be inserted or not, remains to be seen.

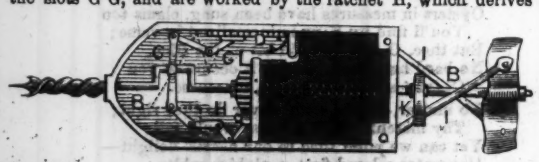
I have spent many years in perfecting my invention, and have but recently succeeded in making it all that I desire. It is now simple, efficacious, and easily kept in order. Neat, quick, and cheap, is my motto. I feel that I am destined, by Nature, to effect a revolution in the art of warfare. The fates have long been at work with this aim. My grandfather was an inventor, and produced a well-known projectile, still in common use, but confined principally to the extirpation of cats, etc. I annex a drawing of it, copied from one found among the old gentleman's posthumous papers.

In 1848, my father, who inherited the inventive faculty, conceived the idea of filing a vent-hole in a key, thereby making a cannon of it. I am told that this sort of gun is manufactured at the present day, by boys of an artillerate turn of mind. My father also greatly improved the syringe, the shot-gun, and other weapons. His demise, in 1852, was owing to injuries received from his favorite

POCKET PISTOL.

It will be seen that Nature laid her train carefully, for a gradual ripening of the constructive talent in this especial direction, in my family. I am the result. The Great BIMBLEBY Projectile is a *fait accompli*, and only requires use, to do all that I claim for it. Let me give a description: I shall necessarily be compelled to employ technical terms, but will try to be as clear and concise as possible. With the aid of the diagram, any child can easily comprehend the principle of its construction.

The projectile itself is conical, but may be made rhomboid, or sesquipedal, if preferred. (I intend to experiment, soon, on one made in the shape of a cloud.) The point has an auger-shaped projection, intended to pierce the sides of vessels, forts, etc. This attaches to a shaft, B, which has an arm, C, that controls a surface of fulminating mercury on sandpaper, D. The charge of the shell lies in the cavity, E, which has a spring-valve at F, with two cams that play loosely in the slots G G, and are worked by the ratchet H, which derives its movement from B. The guides I I, attach to a fan, J, which is affected by the accelerated rotation of K, the eccentric wheel revolving upon B.



SECTION OF PROJECTILE.

The action of the projectile is as follows: When fired from the gun, the fan, J, gives a revolving motion to the shaft, B, and opens the valve, F. The charge is then exposed to the surface acted upon by C, through the action of H. B is worked by I I, and the auger revolves. According to the direction in which K is set, H acts upon K, and affects J, so that before D explodes the charge . . . the time depending on the length of C . . . the projectile *actually follows the movements of the enemy at which it is discharged!*

Having so much rotary movement, I feared that it would be difficult to give the winding direction that would be found requisite on a field covered with trees or other obstructions. Accordingly, I constructed a gun expressly for the purpose. I give drawings of the two patterns that I ultimately adopted:

1. SIMPLE.

2. COMPOUND.

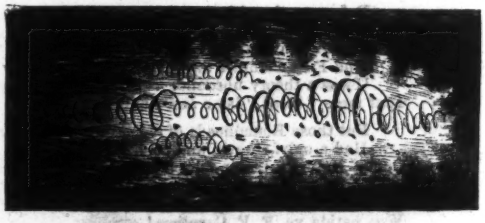
The Secretary of War suggested that these guns should be rifled but I was assured by several manufacturers . . . among others, the well-known Gun-Maker of Moscow . . . that no machinery could be made with which to rifle them. This defect I proposed to remedy by a gun which shall give a revolving motion without rifle-grooves, thus:

This, it is believed, will prove entirely satisfactory.

I now come to the actual tests to which the great BIMBLEBY Projectile has been subjected. These are severe, but not one of them has failed.

My first trial was with 19 lbs. of powder, in the gun last described. The target was the butt of a hickory log forty feet long. The cavity of the shell contained no bursting-charge. The projectile disappeared in the log, the auger-point working finely. In a second, it was seen to emerge from the other end, and to skim along the ground several miles. The hole bored through the log was perfectly clean and smooth. I sold it for a pump; and a carpenter in New-Jersey is now trying to purchase a gun and projectile of my manufacture, for the purpose of boring pump-logs. He is satisfied that by laying the timber end to end, and using a heavy charge, he can bore two miles of log in five minutes.

My next experiment was with the gun which I have called "simple." The charge was 27 lbs. of LYON'S Magnetic Powder, and the shell-cavity was loaded heavily. The gun was trained, by means of a quadrant and oblique telescope, to bear upon a ruined lime-kiln, about five degrees to the south of the direct trajectory. Owing to the heaviness of the charge, however, the projectile took a much wider range. It made an elliptical curve of about eight miles, gradually narrowing to a circle, and returning with the utmost precision, knocked a large fragment from the muzzle of the gun, destroying it for any further experiments. The appearance of this shot, fired at night, was truly remarkable.



Such a spectacle is calculated to produce a powerful moral effect upon an enemy. In this statement I have the concurrence of several eminent divines.

Early the following morning, I began my experiments with the gun No. 2; the "compound." After carefully loading the piece with a strong charge, I fired it at sunrise . . . and hit it!

With a lighter charge, 18 lbs., I threw a shell into a piece of woodland, about seven miles away. The projectile went beautifully careering along, following the fine curved lines of its trajectory, made still more sinuous by the eccentric action of the guides and wheel I I and K, (see diagram.) On reaching the woods, it pursued a gray squirrel over the brow of a hill, down along a water-course, and finally, climbing a lofty oak in search of the animal, exploded and shattered the tree into a thousand pieces. The squirrel escaped by a miracle.

A gentleman of acknowledged military ability, who witnessed this test, unhesitatingly avowed his belief that, had an enemy been in the place of the oak-tree, the result must have proved highly fatal.

Other shots were fired from this gun with equal effect. I greatly regret the injury to my "simple" curve gun, No. 1, as I had intended experimenting in shooting around corners with it . . . an invaluable improvement, in cases of street-fighting.

The only way in which the Great BIMBLEBY Projectile can be bettered, is in so constructing the auger-point that it will bore a crooked hole. This, in naval warfare, would make a leak in a vessel's side, that would be difficult to plug. There are several methods of accomplishing the object, and I shall make application of one, very shortly. The projectile will then be perfect, and, through its agency, war will evanish from the earth. In view of that desirable event, I shall cause all my guns and projectiles to be made of metal that can be beaten into the very best quality of plowshares, pruning-hooks, and other agricultural cutlery. I need not say that I shall keep this carefully from the Rebel Government, lest FLOYD, accustomed as he is to steel guns and shot, might make use of mine unlawfully.

In conclusion, allow me to say that all my trials and experiments have been witnessed by several reliable gentlemen from Richmond and elsewhere, and I am kindly permitted to use, as reference, the name of my wife's brother, who is well known in Shrewsbury Centre, N. J., as the proprietor of the meanest tavern, probably, in the United States.

BIMBLEBY,
Inventor of the Great Projectile.

THE NAPPING CAPTAIN.

I.

To the island of Martinique, they say,
Went the pirate "Two Hundred and Ninety," one day,
And there in the harbor she saucily lay,
Never mentioning where she had been to,
When a great big cruiser, sturdy and strong,
With sailors and soldiers a mighty throng,
Came sullenly steaming it swiftly along—
Her name was the "San Jacinto."

II.

Loud laughed her valiant commander, then:
"I've plenty of guns and plenty of men,"
Said he, "and I swear that never again
Shall the pirate alarm the ocean.
Ho! swab out the cannon and pass up the shot;
Have furnaces ready to heat them hot;
We'll soon send old 'Two-Ninety' to pot,
If I don't slip up on my notion!"

III.

Then out ran the guns of terrific size,
Each looking hungry to capture the prize;
The sailors and soldiers they d——d their eyes—
You've heard such profanity, maybe;
And the Captain swore a great oath to kill
That of fight and glory he'd have his fill:
But there lay the pirate as snug and still
As the healthiest sleeping baby.

IV.

At about this period came a boat,
Bearing a highly official note;
The Governor of the island wrote
That, as he had "heard it stated"
The "San Jacinto's" Captain would seek
To bring down the flag from the pirate's peak,
A fight in the waters of Martinique
Would "never be tolerated."

V.

The document further instructions bore;
The "San Jacinto" must stay in shore
For twenty-four hours, or maybe more,
After the pirate's sailing.
Then said the doughty Captain, said he:
"I can't discover, 'twixt you and me,
But what my vessel might just as well be
In the merchant-service, or whaling!"

VI.

But looking the matter over, he thought
Of a vessel, the "Hampden," that lay in port,
Whose skipper, a Yankee of shrewdest sort,
Might look to the good of his pocket;
So to him the Captain went: "Look here,
Outside of this harbor I'm going to steer,
But as soon as old 'Two-Ninety' gets clear,
Just fire off this here rocket!"

VII.

The "Hampden's" skipper promised straightway;
Her course from the harbor the war-vessel lay,
And the pirate, waiting till close of day,
Hauled out in the fog and drizzle:
Then up, with a lurid flashing glare,
The signal-rocket mounted in air—
As a mere display it was very fair,
But otherwise rather a fizzle!

VIII.

For the "San Jacinto" began a race,
Hither and thither, from place to place;
Said the Captain: "The pirate has changed his base,
But I'll have him now, in a minute."
Yet nothing came to the lookout's view,
The soldiers and sailors were all wet through,
The rain it poured, and the wind it blew
As ir the d——l was in it!

IX.

Over the stormy waters all night,
Chafing and spoiling for glory and fight,
Went the "San Jacinto," but never a sight
Did she get at the "Alabama."
In grief did the Captain tear his hair,
And wring his hands in a grim despair—
He ought to have known it is wrong to swear,
But I fear that he whispered: "D—n her!"

X.

Now what shall we do with such fellows as these,
Who hunt the Rebels upon the seas,
Yet let them escape with marvellous ease,
To burn and ravage and plunder?
Good use of her heels the "Sumter" made,
Three times the "Nashville" ran the blockade,
And just such a trick "Two-Ninety" has played
To make our commodores wonder.

XI.

Most probably, as we may surmise,
We shortly will have to apologize
To Martinique, and to France likewise,
When they ask it of us some morning;
For our captains to suffer so many sells
Against our Navy decidedly tells,
And we earnestly hope Mr. GIDEON WELLES
May make of this matter a warning.

ETHAN SPIKE ON FRENCH INTERVENTION.

HORNBY, Jinooary 4th, 1863.

I DUNNO as I violate any State secret—in fact, if it kims to that I don't keer a cuss—in saying *the French will intervention!*

Put it on record agin me, an if, in the eventoostion of anterior developments, I prove a false profit, shake your goary locks an say I did it.

Why will they interventoosate? Because they are a intervenin people—I may say a amfibious people—whose manners an customs, face of the country an natteral productions is frogs an garlic. Sich people moast ginerally can't keep their spuns aout of other folk's porridge. Then agin, LOU is rather spilin for a fight than otherwise—an so are his affectionate constitooency, and failin to get a lick at suthin furrin, will pitch into him.

LOU ain't a bad egg—or leastwise he didn't use to was. I calkerlate, howsever, he's lived a leetle too long for his own credit, to say nothin of the world in gineral. As soon as he'd finished the battle of Sulpherino, 'twould bin a good speculation for him to hev hired a man to take him out back an shot him. His cup of glory was then pretty well up to high-water mark. Since that ewaporation has sot in.

Do I know NAP? Wal, rather—prehaps more so. I'm a Dimercrat dyed in the wool, and printed arter I was made up beside—and don't say it boastinly, for I despise all crown-headed pottingtates whatsomever; but there was a time when

"Mountings ris an oshuns rolled
To seperate aour souls in vain."

He used to say we was "Demon and Pythagorus," wich makes the relation the same as two or three peas in a pod.

This was long ago, when he was a chevalier de la industrie runnin a thimble-rig consarn called "Rogue at Noah" down to Portland. I used to call him LEWY, and sometimes, for short, Nosey, an he'd take it all in good part, would slap me on the shoulder an say: "Aha, Mounseer le SPIKE, E Bean, you ver much fun. Ah, entry noyes—you have two, tree, sixteen dollar vich you sall lend me. I am ver—what you call him ven not long, ha?"

"You don't mean short?" I would say.

"We—we, short, ver shot dis mornin."

In this way the insinooatin cuss, fust an last, did me aout of $11.34, an I hain't seen nary a red on it yet. Arter he made that coop de main an sot up in the Emperior line, I dropt him a line callin attention to my little bill, wich I hereby inclose:

L. N. P. To E. S., Dr.

Toe cash lent,	$5 00
" paid for 2 stews at old Freeman's when you treated but hadn't no change,	0 24
" cash lent,	5 00
" paid for 2 drinks at the time of the stews,	0 10
Ditto, ditto, sundry drinks an clams once,	1 00
	$11 34

LEWY, says I, I don't keer about hevin all cash daown. I spose its cost you a considerable figger to set up house-keeping in the Tooleries, an you may be what you so often was over here, "ver shot," an if it will accomodate I'll take part of it in a markisite or barreny. I take it you hev plenty of sich things layin raound loose. You may also throw in a few stars, garters, an sich like, an I'll say nothin about interest. Don't you think the mean critter never answered that letter! About a year ago I writ him agin, slightly changin the style, commencin, "You imperial cuss," an windin up thus: "Hopin soon to hear that some one of your dootiful an lovin subjecks has let daylight through your royal witals, I remains your inemy till death do us part, E. S."

This is another reason why the French will interventooate—or as we say in the classicks—another "*kossus bellows.*"

But what makes me more oneasy is a adventure I hed a little while ago up to Montreal. I was going down Little St. James when a wizzen-faced mounseer, standin by the door of a dirty tavern, sang aout:

"Bonger, Musheer!"

"No sir," says I, "not Bonger, SPIKE, at your sarvice," says I, bowin away like clockwork. "Ephrahim Pilsbry's wife's darter, which was distantly related, married a Bunker, which accounts for the mistake," says I.

"Maytree do tell!" says he.

"Yaas," says I, "an she's got two sons in the Maine 9th."

"Bean Restorater," says he, pintin to the house.

That ere must be suthin for the hair, thinks I, and bowin agin, I says: "No, I thank you, I hev tried pootty nigh all the Restorators and Kerludiums goin—the last hevin too much Spanish flies, ile of vitrol, an other furrin ingrediencies into it, was rayther strong. It rooted up the few spears I had on hand, an made my skulp look like a honey-comb the fust application. I'm obleeged to you, sir; but wigs is safer."

"Bean dome-seel," says he, bowin an agin pintin to the house.

"Wal, that's honest anyhow, old cock," says I. "I've no doubt your Bean Restorator is a dam sell as you say."

I was just agoin to take French leave of him in the very perlitest way, when the grinin old monkey kim close to me, an says he:

"De zheu ne com ee foo!"

There may hev bin a mistake—indeed, the judge told me that Frenchy only said in the fust place, good mornin; next, that he was the tavern-keeper; then, that it was a good tavern; fourthly, it was a comfortable home; and last, that his breakfasts was got up as they should be. But the last sounded so much like callin me a darned common fool, that I couldn't help givin him a hyster under the chin, wich persuaded him to pitch through his own door—an as he sot in hollerin "John Dong!" I was obleeged to give him a stopper on the mouth; but his wife, who looked like a cross between a mummy an a smoked nigger, took up the cry, an a dozen chaps run up the street an grabbed holt on me.

"Who are you?" says I.

"We is John Dong," says they.

"O, we is," says I; "bout how many of you critters naow go to make up a fust-class John Dong? Glad to see you. How are you now, John?" says I with bitin ironochy.

They didn't seem to see the pint, howsever, and dragged me off to court—the old Frenchman lookin like a "What Is It" laborin under hyderfoby—followin an tryin to stick me with a spit.

When I explained to the judge that I thought Mounseer was callin me names, he let me off for a V, tellin me the sooner I was gettin along toward hum the quicker I'd be there, for, says he, "here you are De Trop."

I looked at him sternly—says I: "Your honor's worship, this haint the fust time to-day I've bin called aout of my proper name—fust Bonger, naow its De Trop. Now, sir, I need not say that he who steals my puss—now your honor's taken the last red aout of it—steals trash—it bein originally a stockin; but he who filches my good name—" "John Dong," says the judge, "remove him," an I was removed.

Just as likely as not you won't see what all this has to do with French interventooation. I don't myself. Still I hev a impression in my "inmoast intercinines," as the spiritooal knockers say, that in some way it hev.

But the main pint is this: I can't help thinkin that ef Mr. SEWARD would send me to France as a very extrornary Pennypertentiary, I could put a stopper on the Mounseers. I know some things about old Nosey that he wouldn't be pretty likely to want proclaimed in the Tooleries or on the Bullyvards. In strict confidence I say to you, that the name of *Patience Peabody* whispered in his orgust ear would cause his hair to stand on eend like quills on a frightful porkerpine! Wich

"She drooped from that hour."

She never told her grief, but concealed the canker that consoomed her witals under the thin disguise of cats, tea, snuff, and moral reforms, which finally brought her gray hairs in sorror to the grave, bein choked by a fishbone at the tender age of 63. "*Res quis scat.*"

My knowledge of the language, natteral perliteness, an general amiability renders the apintment a fittin one.

Ef, howsever, Mr. SEWARD don't see it, I would like to dicker L. N.'s bill with him. That bill in his hands might save our country, an influenced by that view, I'll sell it for fifty cents on the dollar, an take it in postage-stamps.

You will see by the date of t' is that the weary wandrer is returned to the hum of his nativity, which is likewise the place he was born in. Where I am about commencing the dry goods business—hevin part of my stock, sich as molasses, salt fish, an a barrel of New-England rum, already engaged, wich he also trusts by prompt attention to merit.

ETHAN SPIKE.

A Pinch from our Attic Salt-Cellar.

AN eminent physiologist—Dr. CARPENTER—tells that "all organized beings originate in cella."

Visitors to the limbo known as "The Tombs," will not fail to observe that some "organized beings" have a mania for getting back to the place of their origin.

Sporting Intelligence.

WE read in an English paper, that the redoubtable "Benicia Boy" has joined a Society for the promotion of Horticulture. It will be interesting to our readers to know that the Pummelogical Society is the one referred to.

CONTRABAND OF MAIL.

DESPAIR must have wrinkled up the visage of many a military swell, as he read the following notice just issued by the Postmaster of New-York:

"In consequence of the numerous cases of breakage which have occurred, and the injury resulting thereby to letters and packages, it is considered necessary to prohibit the forwarding of bottles containing medicines or liquids of any description through the mails.

"In future, therefore, all such articles found in the letter-boxes will be detained at the General Office in Nassau street, instead of being sent, as heretofore, to their destination.

"By order of the Postmaster-General, ABRAM WAKEMAN,
"Postmaster."

Although the above order was issued so lately as the 6th of January, the effects of it are already known to be distressing in the extreme at some of the camps. One Brigadier-General, whose jetty locks and raveny whiskers were the admiration of himself and the envy of his brigade, has been reduced to charcoal and pork-fat, for the purpose of suppressing the tendency to snow upon his mountain-top. The expected vial did not come to hand—or rather to head. It was not a dye, however; it was only calculated to act upon the roots of the hair; so the label informed us when we had the pleasure of inspecting it at the General Office in Nassau street. There is a very large, square bottle there, addressed to a captain in the —th Regiment. Not having authority over the corkage of the Post-Office, we were unable to analyze the contents of that bottle, but an old and faithful servant of the Department—a gentleman with many ruby knopperns upon his honest nose—declared that he had not the least hesitation in pronouncing it to be gin. We also noticed among the contraband of mail some *parfumerie* of the choicest brands. A pint-bottle professing to contain 'Balm of Two thousand seven hundred and forty-five Flowers," addressed to Lieut.-Colonel SMUGGLETON, of the —th Army Corps, particularly fastened our regards. It is a great pity that poor SMUGGLETON should not have it. It is heart-rending to think of SMUGGLETON'S condition deprived of it. Among the confiscated fluids we observed but one bottle of ink, which was addressed to a corporal of Zouaves. Rushing to our stationer's, we purchased a demijohn of the fluid and forwarded it to the noble corporal by express; such tastes as that for ink ought to be encouraged; but, as for SMUGGLETON and the heroes of the hair-regenerator and Holland gin, we will leave them to supply their own liquors as best they can.

After.

WE have been told that there are eighteen men of war after the *Alabama;* concerning which all we have to say is that, according to previous experiences, the odds are just "290" to 18 that said ships of war will keep going *after* the *Alabama*, instead of getting alongside of her.

Question for Thunder and Lightning Calculators.

IF it takes twelve soldiers to carry a rifle pit at the point of the bayonet, how large a hole in the ground could Dr. WINDSHIP lift with one hand?

A Natural Mistake.

OUR Chief Inebriate, as he conned with fishy eye, a few days ago, one of the newspaper bulletins announcing "Victory over FORREST," suddenly shied his beaver into the air, and shouted with stentorian lungs, "Three cheers for EDWIN BOOTH!"

UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.—All the marriageable girls.

Wringer for the Close of the Year.

THE last day of old 1862 was a fitful one. Rain and snow and slush until near midnight; then the sudden frost and the crackling footsteps. VALENTINE, who was winding his tortuous way indefinitely in company with ORSON, a little after midnight, remarked that he didn't think old '62 would have gone out so dry if it hadn't been Rung out at Trinity Church, by JEM AYLIFFE.

Change for a Pound.

SINCE the raid made by HUMPHREY MARSHALL through Pound Gap, the name of that pass has been changed to Three Hundred-pound Gap, in compliment to the fat rebel.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER IN MEXICO.

AHA! Monsieur *Parlez Vous!*
And how d'ye like the view
Of matters and things around you?
Does the way the Mexicans fight,
And the way they get out of sight,
And the way they come back, astound you?

Don't you think of those former scenes,
When you chased the wild Algerines,
With rather more real pleasure?
Don't you half begin to dream,
As you prosecute your scheme,
You have failed to take their measure?

Did you ever before have to fight,
With the enemy out of sight,
And nothing to eat but leather?
Did you ever before try to march
Where the winds your insides parch,
Long days and long nights together?

Did you think of the fevers and shakes—
Did you think of those tangled brakes,
When you went on board your steamer?
Say, didn't you rather think
It was jolly, there on the brink
Of being a nation's redeemer?

Poor little *Parlez Vous!*
How we all pity you—
Slave to the will of your master!
Suffering, day and night,
To prove that black is white,
And make his dominions vaster.

Die, poor slave, if you must;
Your blood will cry out, we trust,
And wake up the wrath of Heaven:
For while your tyrant can wield
Such power, on flood and field,
The lump of affairs needs leaven!

Owe Dear!

"OWING to what do you adopt such an extravagant style of dress, sir?" asked Peterfamilias of his fast first-born.

"Owing to my tailor, my hatter, and my boot-maker, old man," was the ready reply of the Dutiful One.

THE POMP OF WAR.—The "irrepressible nigger."

POTTERY THAT WON'T WASH.—Domestic Jars.